His lips grew whiter and whiter, and his skin more and more drawn as the time went on, until he looked like a livid thing, hut beautiful.

He never got at anything *easily,* and often I felt angry that he would waste so much of his strength in trying to teach people to do things in the right way. Very often it only ended in his producing actors who gave colourless, feeble, and unintelligent imitations of him. There were exceptions, of course.

When it came to the last ten days before the date named for the production of " Hamlet," and my scenes with him were still unrehearsed, I grew very anxious and miserable. I was still a stranger in the theatre, and in awe of Henry Irving personally ; but I plucked up courage, and said :

" I am very nervous about iny first appearance with you. Couldn't we rehearse *oiw* scenes ? "

" *We* shall be all right! " he answered, " but we are not going to run the risk of being bottled up by a gas-man or a fiddler."

When I spoke, I think he was conducting a band rehear-sal. Although he did not understand a note of music, he felt, through intuition, what the music ought to be, and would pull it about and have alterations made. No one was cleverer than Hamilton Clarke, Henry's first musical director, and a most gifted composer, at carrying out his instructions. Hamilton Clarke often grew angry and flung out of the theatre, saying that it was quite impossible to do what Mr. Irving required.

" Patch it together, indeed! " he used to say

to me indignantly, when I was told off to smooth him down. "Mr. Irving knows nothing about music, or he couldn't ask me to do such a thing."

But the next day he would return with the score altered on the lines suggested by Henry, and would confess that